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white is worse than useless as a color: its cold, raw, sandy, neutral has neither warmth enough to relieve, nor grey enough to harmonize with any natural tones; it does not please the eye by warmth, in shade; it hurts it, by dry heat in sun; it has none of the advantages of effect which brick may have, to compensate for the vulgarity which it must have, and is altogether to be abhorred. The very bright red, again, is one of the ugliest warm colors that Art ever stumbled upon: it is never mellowed by damp or anything else, and spoils everything near it by its intolerable and inevitable glare. The moderately dark brick, of a neutral red, is to be chosen, and this, after a year or two, will be further softened in its color by atmospheric influence, and will possess all the advantages we have enumerated. It is almost unnecessary to point out its fitness for a damp situation, not only as the best material for securing the comfort of the inhabitant, but because it will the sooner contrast a certain degree of softness of tone, occasioned by microscopic vegetation, which will leave no more brick-red than is agreeable to the feelings where the atmosphere is chill.

Secondly. Even this kind of red is a very powerful color; and as, in combination with the other primitive colors, very little of it will complete the light, so, very little will answer every purpose in landscape composition, and every addition, above that little, will be disagreeable. Brick, therefore, never should be used in large groups of buildings, where those groups are to form part of landscape scenery; two or three houses partly shaded with trees, are all that can be admitted at once. There is no object more villainously destructive of natural beauty than a large town, of very red brick, with very scarlet tiling, very tall chimneys, and very few trees; while there are few objects that harmonize more with the feeling of English ordinary landscape, than the large, old, solitary, brick manor-house, with its group of dark cedars on the lawn in front, and the tall wrought-iron gate opening down the avenue of approach.

Thirdly. No stone quoining, or presence of any contrasting color, should be admitted. Quoins, in general (though, by-the-by, they are prettily managed in the Old Tolbooth of Glasgow, and some other antique buildings in Scotland), are only excusable as giving an appearance of strength; while their zig-zag monotony, when rendered conspicuous by difference of color, is altogether detestable. White cornices, niches, and the other superfluous introductions in stone and plaster, which some architects seem to think ornamental, only mock what they cannot mend, take away the whole expression of the edifice, render the brick-red glaring and harsh, and become themselves ridiculous in isolation. Besides, as a general principle, contrasts of extensive color are to be avoided in all buildings, and especially in positive and unmanageable tints. It is difficult to imagine whence the custom of putting stone ornaments into brick buildings could have arisen; unless it be an imitation of the Italian custom of mixing marble with stucco, which affords it no sanction, as the marble is only distinguishable from the general material by the sharpness of the

carved edges. The Dutch seem to have been the originators of the custom; and, by-the-by, if we remember right, in one of the very finest pieces of coloring now extant, a landscape by Rubens (in the gallery at Munich, we think), the artist seems to have sanctioned the barbarism, by introducing a brick edifice, with white stone quoining. But, the truth is, that he selected the subject, partly under the influence of domestic feelings, the place being, as it is thought, his own habitation; and partly as a piece of practice, presenting such excessive difficulties of color, and, as he, the lord of color, who alone could overcome them, would peculiarly delight in overcoming; and the harmony with which he has combined tints of the most daring force, and sharpest apparent contrast, in this edgy building, and opposed them to an uninteresting distance of excessive azure (simple blue country, observe), is one of the chief wonders of the painting: so that this masterpiece can no more furnish an apology for the continuance of a practice, which, though it gives some liveliness of character to the warehouses of Amsterdam, is fit only for a place whose foundations are mud, and whose inhabitants are partially animated cheeses, than Caravaggio's custom of painting black-guards should introduce an ambition among mankind, in general, of becoming fit subjects for his pencil. We shall have occasion again to allude to this subject, in speaking of Dutch street effects.

Fourthly. It will generally be found to agree best with the business-like air of the blue country, if the house be excessively simple, and apparently altogether the minister of utility; but, where it is to be extensive, or tall, a few decorations about the upper windows are desirable. These should be quiet and severe in their lines, and cut boldly in the brick itself. Some of the minor streets in the King of Sardinia's capital are altogether of brick, very richly charged with carving, with excellent effect, and furnish a very good model. Of course, no delicate ornament can be obtained, and no classical lines can be allowed; for we should be horrified by seeing that in brick which we have been accustomed to see in marble. The architect must be left to his own taste for laying on, sparingly and carefully, a few dispositions of well-proportioned lines, which are all that can ever be required.

These broad principles are all that need be attended to in simple blue country: anything will look well in it which is not affected; and the architect who keeps comfort and utility steadily in view, and runs off into no expatiations of fancy, need never be afraid here of falling into error.

CIRCUIT MUSEUM.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

THE list of pictures and sculpture sent to the Paris Exhibition has now been published. The amount of national pride to be felt at perusing it must, of course, be in great measure dependent on the amount of national pride which one feels in the British school itself of the present day; but, at whatever point of the thermo-

meter the warmth of that may stand, it may be freely conceded that the school has received fair representation. The number of new pictures forms but a small fraction of the total; the great majority being works which are already known, and which, generally speaking, have obtained the applause of some section of the artistic or critical world. Nor are the absent artists numerous whom one would wish present. The number of exhibiting painters and sculptors is about 200; in addition to which there are architects, engravers, and lithographers.

The following are among the principal works:

In oils: Armitage's "Battle of Meeane," which obtained one of the chief prizes in the last of our competitions in connection with the Houses of Parliament. Two admirable examples of Anthony Ford Madox Brown's "Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.," one of the foremost historic works England has produced on a largo scale. Five by Cope. Cross's "Richard I. forgiving Bertrand de Guerdon," a work partaking of the French style, as the artist pursued his studies in France, and one which England may be proud to set beside the historic productions of her rival. Two by Danby. Three by Dyce. Four by Eastlake. Ten by Landseer, including some famous specimens. Four by Leslie. Five by our noble landscapist, Linnell. "The Baron's Hall," by Macclise. "Belshazzar's Feast," by Martin—one of the few English artists known or esteemed by the French. Nine fine Mulready's. Poole's "Messenger announcing ill-tidings to Job"—a work possessing many qualities of greatness, and highly characteristic of a painter who, with obvious and even glaring faults, is notably a man of genius. Four by Roberts. Four by E. M. Ward.

In water-colors: Cattermole's "Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh about to shoot the Regent Murray, 1570," well-known by an engraving, and three others. Four by David Cox, incomparably the greatest in style and feeling of our living water-color landscapists, and from whom it is to be feared few new works will come. Two by Louis Haghe, the talented delineator of mediæval or renaissance interiors with figures. Eleven by Wm. Hunt—the humorous painter of rustic boys, the inimitable, faultless painter of birds' nests, hedges, fruit, and other exquisite still-life. Four oriental and Italian subjects by J. F. Lewis, also unrivalled in his walk of Art. Four miniatures by Thorburn, the man who has probably produced the finest works extant of that kind. Four by Wehnert, including "Caxton examining the first proof sheet from his press in Westminster Abbey," and "The Prisoner of Gisors," both engraved.

In sculpture: Baily's "Eve at the Fountain," and four others. Foley's "Youth at the Stream," "Hampden," and three others. Gibson's "Hunter and Dog," and "Hylas."

I have not yet spoken of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, which are, to my judgment, the most important of all, as marking an era not only in British, but in European painting, as well as for the intrinsic loftiness of their qualities. Holman Hunt sends three: "The Light of the World," a figure of Christ from the symbolic passage

in the Revelation which represents Him as knocking at the door; on the whole, Hunt's highest work, and one of the first religious pictures in the world, but I fear not likely to be rightly apprehended by foreigners; "Our English Coasts," a small landscape, with an incident of strayed sheep, treated with the most masterly Art, and a truly human intensity of feeling; and "Claudio and Isabella," from "Measure for Measure," which may stand on a par with the Christ for profound and elevated sentiment, and is safer of producing its effect. Millais's contributions are also three: "The Order of Release," which carried fame by storm at the Academy Exhibition of 1858, and substantially crushed the venomous abuse of Pre-Raphaelitism; "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," a lovely piece of painting and naïve tenderness, but only partially acceptable in relation to its theme; and "Ophelia" drifting to her death, which nothing in Pre-Raphaelitism has surpassed for exquisite profusion and realization of Nature, and for heart-searching pathos. Mr. Collins is the third representative of the school, with his thoroughly conscientious and sincerely felt picture of last year, "A Thought of Bethlehem," where Madame de Chantal is represented visiting a poor woman with her newly-born infant. One may well be curious to know what the Parisian world of Art will think and say of Pre-Raphaelitism—what grins, what shrugs of the shoulders, what sallies—perhaps, what serious thought—possibly what earnest isolated endeavor—it will excite.

The Society—or, as they love to call themselves, since they obtained a charter—"Corporation" of British Artists, opened their annual exhibition on the 26th of last month. It is easy to arrogate to oneself importance in a title; with the promise of which, however, the entity whereto it is applied does not necessarily correspond. Not to speak of the Royal Academy, which is a body of substantial position, the names "British Institution for Promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom," "National Institution of Fine Arts," and "Corporation of British Artists," all which co-exist at this moment in London for the maintenance mainly of oil painting, might give the unwary the notion of a perfect plethora of national enthusiasm in the cause of Art, and of munificent foundations ministering to it. The notion wanes and pales somewhat when you discover that the British Institution, a body altogether less active and prominent than of old, is governed by amateur noblemen and gentlemen, the details of whose management excite yearly protest; that the Incorporated Members of the Society of British Artists include unknowns or incapables, such as Mr. Clater, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Noble, Mr. Piddington, Mr. Salter, Mr. Shayer; and the Proprietary Members of the National Institution, such as Mr. Barraud, Mr. O. R. Campbell, Mr. J. G. Middleton, Mr. G. B. Moore; and that all three subsist to a great extent on the leavings of the Royal Academy—works which were rejected there last year, or would be this year, were they sent. What is greatly needed just now is the combination of some of the best artists, not members of the Academy, into a body which would necessarily be of considerable power; ensuring the exhibition of good works of

their own, the equitable treatment of talented new-comers, and the stern rejection of rubbish. Of this, however, there seems small chance for the present. Meanwhile, to return to the Society of British Artists, the display of this year is a tolerable one. The President, Mr. Hurlstone, who has a hankering after the Murillo manner of Art, and aims at a certain brilliancy of color, through the medium of dingy squalor, and a certain dignity of character through that of semi-elaborated life-size, has two important subjects—"Columbus controlling the Mutinous Attitude of his Crew," and "Dante begging his Bread." Your countryman, Mr. J. T. Peele, who, a year or two back, made a success with a picture of the Children in the Wood—to me excessively repulsive by its dirty color and abnegation of beauty—contributes some domestic subjects marking an evident advance. The most prominent of the landscape-painters is Mr. Pettitt—a gentleman who has done notable things for the union of study and fine sentiment, but who frequently indulges in vagaries verging on the harlequinade—such as an "Opening of the Fifth Seal," a Layardish "Image which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up"—and, this year, but much more reasonably and successfully managed, a moonlight fairy-scene. Mr. Edward Lear, also—the genial and lively author of the "Landscape-painter's Journal in Albania," and other books, the composer of music to some of Tennyson's lyrics, and the "E. L." to whom that glorious poethas inscribed some stanzas in his volume—sends two excellent and terrible ravine-views, from Calabria and Devonshire.

Another exhibition whose approach I announced in my last letter, and which has achieved a continuous and furious success, is that of pictures and other works of Art contributed for the benefit of our "Patriotic Fund" for the widows and orphans of fighting soldiers and sailors. Amateurs are the principal exhibitors; a class both numerous and of respectable proficiency, not seldom of decided talent, at the present day. Where fashion is the contributor, and fashion the visitor, "all goes merry as a marriage-bell;" the critic smiles complacently in his corner, or bleats forth an unheeded dissent. There is one amateur of genius among the contributors, an anonymous "Lady of Title," whom the initiated recognize; and one professional artist of genius, Mr. Arthur Hughes—one of the freshest, most youthfully-enjoying, and yet most earnest, of Pre-Raphaelites. But he, and even the lady of title, are nobodies here; the vast achievement is a little water-color by the Princess Royal, all well enough, and made perfectly presentable by the watchful care of her preceptor, Mr. Edward Corbould—to which are added the sucking aesthetics of the Prince of Wales, and other Royal younglings. Hence offers of 200 guineas for the first of the set alone; hence coming chromo-lithographs thereof; and hence jubilee of the loyal Briton, ecstasie at discovering that a Princess Royal can do what the average young lady of her age produces in ease and silence.

A third exhibition just opened is the annual one of the New Society of Painters in Water-colors. We English say—and, as far as I know or surmise, with truth—that

we are the first water color painters in the world. Truly a soothing conviction: but, with all our supremacy, a water-color exhibition is a tame affair; the works being sovereignly uninventive and uninteresting, save only as clever transcripts of generally very ordinary nature from a very ordinary point of view. Landscape "bit" after landscape bit succeeds, diversified by poultry, flowers, interiors, domesticities, and here and there a subject usually prettified, or sentimental, or theatrical, or in some other stage of the self-applausive commonplace. Even more, perhaps, than in oil painting, from the comparative quickness and slightness of the method, each artist gets into a mannerism—does the same things over and over again, with the same title, the same color, and the same touch. Surely Art, pursued after this fashion, must be a tedious sort of thing. I don't know that I need particularize more than two of the contributors—Miss Fanny Steers and Mr. Edmund G. Warren, the son of the society's president. The lady has exhibited for several years; but, though the papers generally drop her a civil word, she seems to me never to have received the kind of recognition which is her due. Her pictures, always small, and frequently of quite miniature proportions, are, in fact, some of the most lovely pieces of pure warm color, and heartfelt poetic love of Nature, that one sees at the present day. There is a glowing richness about them which seems, so to speak, to have sunk into the paper, and burn out thence again; a thorough harmony and proportion; and the sure ease of a mistress of her Art in the representation of whatever she introduces into her subject. The expander of £7 7s. on Miss Steers's "Sunset" of this year, would possess, within the compass of a few inches, the highest Art of the gallery. Mr. E. G. Warren has but lately begun to exhibit. In his best works—for they are unequal—he displays great firmness, observation, power of landscape-drawing, and delicacy of detail, partaking of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit. He is rapidly establishing himself in a solid position with the public—or rather let me say with those who are capable of judging; for early public favor is no test of merit.

The next gallery to open will be that of the Old Water-color Society; and, after that, finally the Royal Academy. I cannot venture an opinion with any confidence, as to whether the latter will be a good display; but I have seen Millais's picture, which I incline to pronounce, on the whole, his most wonderful and consummate work. It represents a fireman—in the peculiar helmeted costume familiar to Londoners—rescuing three children from a fire, and restoring them to their mother. The dogged, unbending, yet gentle resoluteness of the man, the perfect joy which floods, as it were, the whole being of the mother, and the three children, the eldest clinging round his deliverer's neck, and looking back into the conflagration with a kind of terrified, yet curious interest, the second straining out of his arms to leap into her mother's, and the third, an infant, stretching out to her in captious distress, combine into a noble conception, intensely pathetic, and of an universal appeal. Let us have a few pictures like this, and we shall cease to hear of the triviality or prosaicism of our own

everyday life. I shall say little of the flaring crimson of the flame-light on the principal group, contrasting with the shade which is made to fall over the mother's figure, and the clear dawn-grey out of windows; it is all such as Millais, alone, perhaps, in the world of Art, can paint, such as those who have read of Pre-Raphaelitism, will form each his own notion of, but of which words cannot give any defined image. As I was looking at this picture, on what we call the "Sending-in Day," I saw a letter just received from Holman Hunt, to announce that he has been disappointed in sending over his intended contribution to the gallery. Assuredly a lamentable loss; but he had the field to himself last year, and Millais will have it this year. On the same day, I saw the Academy sculpture-room in its first semi-chaotic state, as group, statue, and bust, succeed each other in arriving—here exposed, there carefully veiled from inspection, by cloth or paper. A work which impressed me as grand and imposing, was an Armed Victory, by Bell; but the circumstances were not favorable to right inspection or calm consideration. Another contribution, of which I have a kind of second-hand knowledge, from having seen a photograph of it, is Maclise's picture, representing Orlando accepting the wrestling match with Charles, from "As you Like It." This will, I infer, prove to be one of Maclise's best productions of recent date.

The forgery which I alluded to last month, of a picture by Mr. E. M. Ward, has led to a general overhauling of the subject of artistic copyright. By a letter in the *Athenaeum* of the 14th instant, it appears that we are in a deplorable condition in this respect. The grand grievance is summed up thus. "They [the Copyright Acts] afford the painter of a picture no protection against the piracy of his picture as such; nor even as a design for an engraving, unless it be engraved, and the engraving be published with certain formalities, before the picture is exhibited. It is therefore a popular error to suppose that, by our laws, any copyright can be acquired in a picture, even for the purposes of engraving, unless such picture, prior to its being exhibited, has been engraved, and the print from the engraving published in strict accordance with the conditions imposed by the statute-law." This "error" is, indeed, a popular and a serious one; for artists, who suppose themselves wide-awake, are careful in bargaining for the sale of their pictures, to make terms on the basis of a supposed copyright, which, it appears, does not exist. It is to be understood, however, that by the common law, a picture, or other work of Art, is protected from piracy so long as it remains unexhibited, or otherwise unpublished. Such is the palladium of British artistic rights.

In connection with the subject of picture-forgery, I may allude to one of those cases of picture-restoring, which verge on forgery. The matter has for years been one of the standing jokes of our artistic circles. There is a Velasquez in our National Gallery, which, before coming thither, had been "restored" by an eminent living still-life painter, Lance, in a summary style as to the extent of space covered, and with a deceptive unity of effect. In one of what we call our Blue Books, the record of a par-

liamentary committee, which sat on National Gallery concerns in 1853, Mr. Lance's evidence is given. A member of the committee, Mr. Stirling, our chief authority on Spanish Art, has recently published a *Life of Velasquez*; in a note to which, he states that the printed statements of Mr. Lance were afterwards, in further unprinted evidence, considerably modified. Faith in old pictures, and dilettante self-confidence, promised to revive at this. But the pertinacious Mr. Lance will not have it so. He addresses the *Athenaeum*, adhering "to every word of his printed evidence," and distinctly denies that he ever said, or thought, that the chasm which he filled was less in area by three-fourths, than he had first stated [about the size of a sheet of foolscap], or that the mules in the foreground are anything less than his own entire invention. "To the best of my recollection," he proceeds, "the canvas where I put in the mules was entirely bare, as it was in many other parts." So stands the matter at present: to which I have referred, partly because Mr. Stirling's note being of a more permanent character than a letter in the *Athenaeum*, is likely to be considered conclusive of a curious question, in a sense, which the person chiefly concerned protests against.

An important move at the National Gallery has taken place, in the appointment of Sir Charles Estlake as salaried director—a new office—with the handsome pay of £1,000 per annum. Mr. Warnum, long connected with the Government Department of Science and Art, and eminent for his knowledge of facts in Art history, had previously been appointed Secretary, at £800. Without exaggerating the achievements of Sir Charles as a painter, or slurring over the weak points of his former keepership of the Gallery, his appointment may be hailed with satisfaction. The great fault of the National Gallery management hitherto, has been the want of responsibility—and, I would add, of power in the hands of practical and competent men. This is now remedied: if blunders occur henceforth, one will know whom to look to. Meanwhile, although neither of the new officers has yet entered upon the discharge of his duties, indignation and rancor run high in some quarters; and a postscript is announced to an already published "Protest and Counter-Statement against the Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery"—wherein the old subject of the cleaning of certain pictures at the Gallery in 1846 and 1852, partly under Sir Charles's directions, and other details of management, are handled in the old thick-and-thin spirit, and with the old expenditure of hard words.

The increasing diffusion of Art-knowledge and curiosity is witnessed to by a recent more than common influx of technical books: Harding's, Barnard's, Clint's, and other treatises on landscape-drawing and coloring; an abstract of Chevreul's book on colors, also lately translated and published in extenso; Mrs. Merrifield on Light and Shade; Bielfeld on Glass-painting, &c.

A late Assize-trial, "Hart v. Hall," in which the plaintiff was a picture-dealer, and the defendant the editor, or quondam editor of the *Art Journal*, has excited a good deal of attention. Mr. Hall, in his

editorial capacity, had commented on a forthcoming provincial sale of pictures, in a strain of some severity as to the genuineness of such transactions, and Mr. Hart, one of the actors in the sale, prosecuted him for libel. The Judge's remarks on Mr. Hall's conduct were extremely tart; the jury convicted, but the fact that they took a different view of the case, was marked by their restricting the damages to forty shillings. However, damages carried costs: so Mr. Hall sends his pictures to the auctioneer's to pay his own and his opponent's lawyers' bills. The general opinion among artists seems to be, that he is an aggrieved man; and one of their body, in a letter to the *Spectator*, suggests that, as he stood in the light of the advocate of the painters' interests, against a system of chicanery and rascality, it would be quite proper for the painters to indemnify him. The conclusion is just; yet I cannot but feel a certain satisfaction, that one who has made a commercial success in Art literature by a paper of the flimsiest pretensions, and whose whole regime has been one of puf-fery, outside, the backing up of popular claptrap and commonplace, and sung obtuseness to whatever in Art might be at once lofty and un-beauteous with praise, should find out the sour, as well as the sweets of glib-hollow dilettantism. The immediate poetic injustice in the case of Hart v. Hall, is ultimate poetic justice in that of Art v. Hall—if I may be excused a pun.

An excellent idea, started some years ago by the Society of Arts, is announced to receive its third realization this year. I refer to the exhibition of the collective works of some single British painter of recognized fame. Mulready and Etty have already undergone the honoring but trying ordeal—and the reputation of each is fixed the firmer for it. This year's exhibition is to consist of the works of the brothers, John and Alfred Chalon—the first recently deceased, the last surviving—both belonging to a phase and generation of Art which may now be considered past, and, from being out-worn, will come before us again with a curious freshness. Alfred Chalon is, essentially, a fashionable portrait painter; but, though to some extent a spoiled artist, he is a real one, nevertheless. John Chalon, as I observed last month, has for some years been the butt of upstart sarcasm, which, judging from the few and slight works I have seen of his, will, I have no doubt, be chastised into silence or some civility after the exhibition. The Society of Arts has shown good feeling, as well as good sense, in its selection.

I happened the other evening to be present at the drawing-class which John Ruskin has undertaken, at a "Working Men's College," recently established by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and other men of practical religion. The plan has been in operation about six months; the class remaining open every evening, and attended once in the week by Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Lowes Dickinson, an artist who more particularly superintends the study of color, and once by Mr. Dante Rossetti, who teaches figure-drawing. I found the pupils occupied, in several instances, in drawing direct from Nature, such as branches of trees; in others from casts of leaves, &c., after Nature; some from balls, or other simple

forms, to begin with; hardly any from mere copies of objects. I believe that most of the class are *accurately* to be called "Working Men," and had no knowledge whatever of drawing before they commenced at the College. Their progress is certainly remarkable, and even surprising: the evidence of fidelity and perception is frequent, and some have attained a skill really great. Mr. Rossetti's class has also made rapid advances in its still more difficult study; the principle of drawing heads from the life having been enforced at the very commencement of the studies. A characteristic adjunct to the personal tuition, is supplied by some prints and drawings hung about the room; here some foliage, rendered from Nature by Ruskin himself; there an Albert Durer, or a photograph of thirteenth-century cathedral sculpture: on one side, Turner's *Aesacus and Hesperie*, from the *Liber Studiorum*, labelled by Ruskin, "Best possible tree-drawing and mezzotint engraving"—on another, an Italian print of Canova's *Hebe*, labelled "Worst possible line engraving"—with admonitory notes, that the woman's back looks harder than the trunk of the tree, and that the hatching of the drapery meets in chequers like a mackerel's markings, as also, with respect to Canova's own part in the misdeed, that the face is mean, and the action impossible, for no woman could run so as to throw her drapery over the stump of the tree; and if she were pouring anything from the vase, it would fall into her own lap instead of the cup. If the Working Men will learn from this example to despise the cant of truckling admiration, and to reject folly and rottenness, by whatever high-sounding name these may pass, they will owe Ruskin a measureless debt of gratitude. The vindication of their independence in such a way as this, is as valuable a part of their Art-education as any apparently more direct.

Some of your readers may be glad to hear that there is a descendant living of the great Holbein. I met a gentleman the other night bearing that honored name, and, I am told, lineally descended from the painter, through whom the forms of Henry VIII., and so many a better and a worse man yet live for ourselves.

Another name I mention, more for my own satisfaction than yours. It is that of your countryman, Thomas Buchanan Read, artist and poet, who, I see, has published a new volume—doubtless of as genuine poetry as he was previously known by. Of the calibre of his painting I cannot speak with any assurance; but, on two flying visits to England, he made his friendship so acceptable to many of my circle, that it is pleasant to get his name under my pen.

W.M. M. ROSSETTI.

London, April 28, 1855.

CRAWFORD'S BEETHOVEN.

THE German love for Art was beautifully manifested by the *fête* in honor of the bronze statue of Beethoven, recently cast at the royal foundry in Munich. This statue, as the readers of the CRAYON are aware, is a gift from Mr. Charles Perkins to the Music Hall in Boston. For a description of the festival, we are indebted

to the letter of a German gentleman, from which we extract the following:—

MUNICH, March 29, 1855.

* * * * "It was a glorious, "beautiful festival, and I still revel in the enjoyment of the delightful recollection. I wish you could have witnessed the universal enthusiasm.

"The artist's permission had been obtained to place the Beethoven in the Concert Hall; but the general musical director, Lochner, would not allow the statue to be placed in an ordinary hall, but appointed an especial concert for the 26th of March, the anniversary of the great master's death, saying—"that day shall be marked by a *fête* of Art."

"A pedestal of six feet in height was prepared, having a back ground of dark green velvet, supported by gilt columns. It was a serious undertaking to get the statue up the high steps, but it was accomplished without accident—and the statue was placed upon its pedestal, in the midst of a forest of flowers and cypresses, lit by more than a hundred gas lights: the *tout ensemble* produced a most magical effect. The Concert Hall was filled to overflowing with more than a thousand persons, among whom King Maximilian and the Queen were most conspicuous. And, now began the execution of Beethoven's best compositions by more than three hundred singers, male and female, and musicians, in a manner that made me wish Mr. Perkins could have listened to their magic tones.

"The director of the theatre, Herr Dlnegektide, wrote a prologue in verse, which was finely recited by Madame Danbach, the first actress: and, when the *fête* was ended—"Such a *fête* we have never had," was the cry of hundreds of voices.

"King Maximilian remarked to a gentleman present, 'I only regret that this master-piece of Art should not remain in Munich.' The reply was, 'The artist who created it still lives,' at which his Majesty smiled, and said, 'Not easily does a work of Art please me as does this statue.'

"Ex-King Louis was unable to leave the palace on the evening of the *fête*, as the weather was very bad; and, still suffering as he is, he has not made any artistic visit. But, hearing that the Beethoven must be sent off, he went yesterday, in the midst of the snow and rain, to see it. The statue was once more placed on its pedestal for him—he was delighted with it; and, as he intends visiting Rome this summer, said that he would tell the artist, in person, how much the statue had pleased him."

OBJECTS OF ART CONTAINED IN THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.—I regret not to be able to give such a description of the remarkable objects of Art preserved in this building as they fully merit. For though I inspected them under the most favorable circumstances, yet the objects were too various and numerous to permit of any thorough examination. The specimens of Indian sculpture are very numerous, but, with few exceptions, on a small scale. Some are in bronze, others in black stone, but most are in white stone. The latter are partially gilt; others entirely so. Among those in bronze are some of most admirable execution. The representations of Buddha are particularly frequent. Smaller idols in gold and silver also occur. The collection of coins is especially rich and interesting. Among the weapons, for example, the sabres are many, like that of Tippoo Saib, which are remarkable for costliness and taste of ornament. A pair of gloves, in particular, executed in Lahore, are very remarkable. Among the pictures may be mentioned, first, a number of copies of large pictures, of a frieze-like form, executed by an English officer by commission from the Company, from wall-paintings found in India. They represent chiefly highly dramatic scenes, hunts, battles, &c., and are of very animated, and, in some cases, of happy motives. As regards drawing, modelling, and color, they are of very low grade, with a rudeness of execution, which, to all appearance, is not to be laid to the charge of the

copyist. As there was no room for placing these pictures, they were taken out one after another for my inspection—a trouble which I very much regretted giving. The Indian painter appears, however, to much greater advantage in his miniature, of which a large collection is here preserved, containing some of great excellence. If there be a department of Indian Art in which something of that delicate and poetic feeling is reflected which attracts every cultivated mind in their poetry—for instance in the poem of Lacontala—it is in the department of miniatures. There we find those slender and graceful female forms, delicately and individually rendered. Nor are the power and beauty of the male figure less well given. The motives are true, animated and various; the proportions generally slender; the drawing frequently correct; the separate portions are not without some modelling; the colors lively, and in some cases harmoniously arranged; and finally, the execution is of admirable finish. In the representation of native animals—for instance, of elephants—a singularly true and close observation of Nature in every respect is evident. The weak point of Indian Art is the absence of light and shade, and of linear and aerial perspective. In the elegant ornamentation, that taste prevails which we meet with in Arabo-Indian architecture. Admirable specimens of Persian miniatures are also here. An historical work displays numerous representations of battle-scenes, of the most surprising truth, and of great freedom of momentary action. The national physiognomy is very accurately rendered, and the execution is careful. The Arabian taste has been most delicately applied in the ornaments of the borders. Upon the whole, they may be placed on the same level of development with the Indian miniatures. Finally, some very choice specimens of Chinese miniatures are to be seen here. In comparison with the idealizing tendency of the Indians, the Chinese may be called the realistic painters of the East. In the rendering, however, of separate appearances in Nature, they display uncommon delicacy, and also great feeling for the refinement of Chinese female beauty. Their colors are also of the most marvellous freshness; the technical process of great precision. The gaudiness of the arrangement, and the total want of all modelling, however, give these miniatures the appearance of maps, the outlines of which are filled with local color, while the absence of aerial perspective entirely excludes all idea of pictorial effect.—Dr. Waagen.

THE strong feeling for the various beauties and peculiarities of Nature, which distinguishes the English nation, sends them travelling over all parts of the globe; and it is not too much to say that the greater number of the English tourists of each set return home laden with sketch-books commemorative of their impressions. Hence, it is quite natural that scenes from Nature, when assisted with every appliance of skill and taste, should be very attractive to the public. Next to subject-painting, therefore, no department of Art is so richly supplied in England, as landscape-painting, in which must be included marine scenes—also, a national taste easily accounted for. At the same time the realistic tastes of the English have influenced the style of landscape-painting, which inclines far more to the rendering of the common sense of Nature, than to the freer and poetical line of composition, or the so-called historical style.—Dr. Waagen.

Among the passengers by the Atlantic last week, was Gifford, the landscape painter, who goes to England and the Continent. We understand that he will spend his time of study mainly in England, certainly the best school for landscape which the day affords.